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A RECORD OF MUSIC, THE DRAMA, LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, &c.

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STEPHEN HELLER.

(Continued from our last.)

THE pianoforte works of Franz Schubert have much of the romantic character which distinguishes his well-known songs. They are numerous and embrace a large variety of styles. Although less popular than his vocal compositions they are quite equal to them in genius and originality. We shall shock the prejudices of many in avowing our opinion that Schubert was an overrated man. That he had "a spark of the divine fire" in him is not to be doubted. The concession, wrung with such difficulty from the jealous and contemptuous Beethoven, may be accepted as an epigrammatic expression of the exact truth. "A spark of the divine fire" was what Schubert possessed—nor more nor less. He was neither a universal nor a commanding genius. He was, moreover, a musician of no great learning. He belonged to that class of composers and poets, so numerous in Germany of whom Carl Maria Von Weber, the most gifted of them all, may be taken as the great type and model. These men, from their peculiarity of temperament and intellect, would have attained a certain degree of eminence in any pursuit to which circumstances and education might have conducted them. But their organisations were not, as those of Handel, Mozart and the great musicians, so happily attuned to music that it were almost impiety to deny them to be the instruments selected by Providence to fill the earth with melody. Morbid and enthusiastic natures, they seem to be continually lamenting their incapacity to tell the world their thoughts in plain and convincing language. Never common-place or vulgar, they are for ever in trammels. Such men will always meet with many ardent worshippers—natures like their own, yearning for the impossible, disdaining common truths, whose minds are attuned to theirs in sympathetic discord. These will proclaim them the only true prophets; these will assert their preeminent superiority to all others. What is called the "Romantic School" is really to be traced to Weber, Schubert and the rest, who in their eager search for original modes of expression have unconsciously given birth to a world of mannerisms, which have been seized upon by a vulgar tribe of music-mongers to conceal the emptiness of their own ideas. But such men as Schubert must not be confounded with the impostors who have made art subservient to the double end of show and commerce. Schubert neither held out his wares for sale in a bazaar, nor exhibited them as a picture-monger, or a *polichinello*, to the vacant gaze of the mob. He was a man of genius, mind, and conscience. That he was not a great musician was partly the fault of his education, but chiefly of his organic development. As a painter, or a poet, or a novelist,—as everything, indeed, but an arithmetician, logician, mathematician,—Schubert would have obtained quite as much celebrity and quite as great an individuality as that which awaited him in his career of musical composer.

But to leave *æsthetics*. Schubert, in some symphonies, overtures, quartets, &c., has evinced a great desire to excel in the sonata form; but he was not entirely successful. He either disdained or failed to understand thoroughly the indispensable elements of that form—clearness, consistency, and symmetrical arrangement of themes, and keys, and episodes. Schubert, though gifted with an abundant flow of ideas, was greatly wanting in the power of concentration and arrangement. He accepted all that came to him, and rejected nothing. Thus while he is rarely insipid, almost always interesting, he is diffuse, obscure, and exaggerated. He rarely attempts to develop a principal idea, but often conducts an accidental figure, a mere passage of ornament, or a fragment of *remplissage*, through a labyrinth of modulation and progression, until the ear and the attention are fatigued and satiety is succeeded by revulsion. In six grand sonatas for the pianoforte *solus*, which, if length and attempt were alone necessary to constitute perfection, would claim a place by the side of the finest of Beethoven and Dussek, the tendencies to exuberance of detail, want of connection, superfluous modulation, redundancy of episode, excessive use of strange and unnatural harmonies, are remarkably prominent. They are more diffuse and rambling than those of Weber, to which they are in all other respects far inferior. A grand duet in A minor, for the pianoforte, has the same faults in a lesser degree, but is much more interesting and beautiful than any of the six sonatas. Many of the smaller works of Schubert for the pianoforte—and especially some marches and other characteristic pieces for four hands—are charming from beginning to end; but in these he was not confined to any particular forms, and his ideas are allowed to present themselves in their primitive simplicity, without development of any kind. In such minor pieces, for the reasons we have briefly stated, Schubert was quite as successful as in the best of his songs for the voice. To those who have a tinge of romance in their temperaments, the pianoforte compositions of Schubert, like everything he wrote, must always have a great degree of interest. There is something irresistibly attractive in the melancholy that is never absent from his smallest efforts, while the indisputable originality of his ideas places him far out of the pale of ordinary thinkers, and extorts forgiveness for much that is wanting in the form and symmetrical arrangement that have given durability as well as charm to the imperishable models which the great masters have bequeathed us. We have said enough to explain why we place Schubert—like Beethoven, Weber, and Mendelssohn,—apart from his contemporaries; but the peculiarities that have gained him this distinction have equally prevented his works from exercising any palpable influence on the progress of the pianoforte, and on the art of composing for that universal instrument.

It is not our intention to enter into long details about the composers of our own time. Nor is it necessary, since in the

course of our review of the works of M. Stephen Heller, we shall be compelled very frequently to make allusion to the most distinguished of them. Nearly the whole may be dismissed, as followers more or less successful, of Mendelssohn, Thalberg, Henri Herz, or Liszt, according to their respective tastes and styles. Of Mendelssohn we need say no more at present. Of Henri Herz we have said enough. Of Thalberg and Liszt we shall have to speak at length in our *resumé*, when M. Heller and his works have been duly considered. Since neither of these have demonstrated an attachment to the sonata-form it is not requisite to introduce them now, and our task hereafter will be merely to discuss the influence they have exercised upon the pianoforte as the originals of particular schools—schools of execution rather than of composition. Chopin, Stephen Heller, Sterndale Bennett—the three most distinguished composers for the pianoforte of our own times, with the single exception of Mendelssohn—will of course each be noticed in the proper place. Henselt and a crowd of others, romantic, unromantic and “middling,” will come in for their share of attention. Macfarren, Reber, and other thoughtful writers whose pianoforte compositions, highly as they must be rated, only occupy a subordinate position to their other works, will be reviewed with the care and attention due to their eminent merit. Meanwhile, without further preliminary, we shall proceed to examine the numerous compositions of Stephen Heller, which, we may at once declare, only require to be generally known to be sure of general appreciation.

(To be continued.)

LONDON WEDNESDAY CONCERTS.

THE sixteenth concert—the first of the two extra performances—was the very best ever given under the management of Mr. Stammers. It was professedly for the benefit of Ernst, whose influence may be easily detected in the following almost irreproachable programme:—

PART I.

Overture, Scherzo, and Wedding March: Selection from Mendelssohn's Music to <i>A Midsummer Night's Dream</i> .		
Canzonetta, "In infancy our hopes and fears"—Miss Eyles	Arne.	
Serenade, "Weary flowers"—Mr. B. Frodsham	Schubert.	
Aria, "Ah! perfido"—Mrs. A. Newton	Beethoven.	
Concerto, Violin—Herr Ernst (by desire)	Mendelssohn.	
War Song, "Pif, paf," (from <i>Les Huguenots</i>)—Herr Formes		
Song, "Solitude"—Miss Poole	Meyerbeer.	
Grand Fantasia, <i>Ludovic</i> —Herr Ernst	Angelina.	
Aria Buffo, "Largo al Factotum"—Herr Formes	Rossini.	
Overture, <i>Oberon</i>	Weler.	

PART II.

Aria, "O cara imagine"—Mr. B. Frodsham; Aria, "Gli angeli d'inferno"—Mrs. A. Newton; Canzonetta, "Qui sdegno"—Herr Formes: Selection from Mozart's Opera, <i>Il Flauto Magico</i> .		
Fantasia, <i>Il Pirata</i> —Herr Ernst	Ernst.	
Song, "Kathleen, mavourneen"—Miss Poole	Crouch.	
Aria Buffo, "Non più andrai"—Herr Formes	Mozart.	
Duet, "The May bells"—Miss Eyles and Mrs. A. Newton	Mendelssohn.	
Andante and <i>Carnaval de Venise</i>	Ernst.	
Trio, "Star mildly gleaming"—Mrs. A. Newton, Miss Eyles, and Miss Poole	Cherubini.	
Overture, <i>La Dame Blanche</i>	Boiteldeau.	

Take away "Kathleen Mavourneen" (as a cotemporary also remarks) and the above selection would have been faultless.

Ernst was welcomed by acclamations of applause, and a few bars of the *allegro* of the concerto were enough to show that he was in his best mood. A grander performance was never heard upon the violin. The first movement was intensely

passionate, wayward, capricious and sublime; the second exquisitely tender and expressive; the *rondo* impetuous, playful and humorous by turns, as Mendelssohn himself would have thought it, and as Mendelssohn himself would have played it on the piano, had that instrument been the medium of its interpretation to the public. The concerto is without any exception the finest ever written for the instrument, and the execution was the finest we ever listened to of a violin concerto. It created the same excitement, the same enthusiasm, the same breathless attention, the same ever varying emotions that Mendelssohn was wont to create when playing one of the concertos of Beethoven, or one of his own immortal inspirations. To criticise such a performance were superfluous; it was beyond criticism; it was a splendid and faultless display of power, uniting the loftiest manifestations of intellect with a mechanical facility before which all difficulties vanished. The applause at the end of each movement was unanimous and unbounded. Who will say now that Mendelssohn's concerto is too long and too elaborate for the crowded audience of the Wednesday Concerts? Ernst, with his magic bow, has for ever laid at rest this objection of the unbeliever. Ernst has shown that the noblest inspirations of the musical art may be made acceptable to the "mob," as it is styled by those whose commercial interests are better served by the encouragement of tinsel and trash than by the popularisation of the most perfect works of art.

The two fantasias were prodigies of manual dexterity combined with exquisite sentiment and feeling. In the *Ludovic* the *arpeggio* variation with the *staccato* bow was encored, and in the *Pirata* a similar compliment was paid to the variation of full chords. The *Carnaval* was re-demanded, and, though fairly tired out, Ernst returned to the orchestra and achieved new wonders, in some of the variations mingling the tone of the "Non più andrai" (which Formes had just been singing) with that of the *Carnaval*—an effect as ingeniously conceived as it was capitally executed. It was a complete triumph for Ernst, who surpassed himself on the occasion. He is indisputably the "King of Fiddlers," and never more firmly maintained the prerogatives of royalty—never more thoroughly established his supremacy.

The band was in fine force and played the overtures and the selection from Mendelssohn's fairy poem in first-rate style. The Wedding March was encored. In the *Oberon* overture Jarrett's mellow singing tone, and perfect intonation, were of high importance to the introduction. The orchestras of France and Germany together cannot boast of such a "first horn" as Jarrett. Herr Anschuetz, having evidently had the benefit of careful rehearsals, directed the orchestra with double confidence and effect. Mr. Willy must also be mentioned particularly for the skilful manner in which he conducted, with his violin bow, the elaborate accompaniments to Mendelssohn's concerto, which we have never heard go so well in this country. Ernst was perfectly at his ease. The moral is, that wit efficient rehearsals anything may be effected.

Although indulgence was asked for Formes, on the plea of severe cold, he sang very finely, and was loudly encored in the "Qui sdegno." In the "Pif paf," "Non più andrai," and "Largo al factotum," his spirit and energy were indomitable.

Mrs. A. Newton sang the song of the Queen of Night in first-rate style, and was deservedly encored. Her reading of "Ah, perfido" was full of feeling, and shewed that she entirely understood the meaning of that glowing burst of passion. In such music as this Mrs. Newton is always at home, which is the highest compliment we can pay her. Angelina's charming romance of "Solitude" found a competent interpreter in Miss

Poole, who well deserved the encore she received. Miss Eyles gave a very intelligent reading of Arne's pleasing air, and, with Mrs. Newton, did every justice to Mendelssohn's sparkling duet. Mr. Bridge Frodsham is decidedly improving. He gave both his songs with much intelligence, and, with a little more energy, the air from *Zauberflöte* would have left little to desire.

And thus much for a really excellent concert, which was fully appreciated and thoroughly relished by the crowded audience that filled Exeter Hall. Ernst's benefit will long be remembered by those who are in the habit of attending the London Wednesday Concerts.

ERNST.

The following notices have appeared, in the morning papers, of the performances of this great violinist at his benefit on Wednesday:—

(From the Morning Herald.)

"The sixteenth Wednesday Concert was given, as the bills described it, 'for the benefit of Herr Ernst.' The unparalleled violinist had an abundant amount of patronage, for every part of the immense area was filled, as well as the galleries and the choral seats of the orchestra. The chief interest of the evening was naturally centred in the performances of the benefactor, who played four times, and never, we apprehend, with greater excellence. His first piece, the only violin concerto of poor Mendelssohn, was a musical repast of no ordinary kind. It has been played in this country both by Sivori and Sainton; but in neither case with anything like the delicacy and finish of Ernst. The andante in C, one of the most exquisite movements that ever emanated from the gifted composer, was developed with a grace and feeling that no eulogy can do justice to; while the opening allegro in E minor, and the fantastic finale in E major, were signal examples of rich and brilliant executancy. In the latter the difficulties are enormous, but Ernst overcame them with a degree of ease that quite deceived the listener as to the mechanical complexity of the texture, and the accomplishment that was required to realise the passages in their real and perfect accuracy. The unrivalled skill of Ernst is, however, well known, and it is superfluous to allude to it now. It is the poetical spirit which he infuses into his playing that challenges remark, and his reading of the inspired concerto of Mendelssohn was one of the best monuments to the memory of the author which could possibly have been displayed. His second performance was the 'Ludovic' fantasia, of which we have already spoken in a recent notice. He rendered this clever and ingenious work with undiminished ability, and was encored in the pizzicato variation, which, although it is addressed to the popular taste, possesses vast constructive merit. The progression of tremolos in the finale, as he delivered them, is a wondrous exhibition of dexterity, combined with a melodic purpose, and closes the fantasia with an effect no less broad than picturesque. In the second part he performed his *Pirata* solo, and the whimsical variations on the *Carnaval de Venise*. He was throughout the evening applauded to the echo; and who could help participating in the acclamation!"

(From the Times.)

"The performance was professedly for the benefit of Herr Ernst, and that distinguished artist played no less than four times in the course of the concert. His first piece was the concerto in E minor, for violin and orchestra, by Mendelssohn, which he executed without curtailment. We have seldom listened to a performance more intellectual and perfect, and the enthusiasm it excited was a guarantee that the oftener such music is placed before the public the better it is understood, and the more highly it is relished. The first movement of the concerto—generally omitted, under the erroneous notion that it is too long for a mixed audience—created quite as favourable an impression as the andante and rondo, which were introduced by M. Sainton at the concerts of M. Jullien on the Mendelssohn nights. This passionate movement brings out the finest qualities of Ernst's playing. His large and open phrasing, his tone, which charms as much by its variety as by its inherent beauty, and his grand delivery of the bravura, had ample field for display. The andante, in C, a song to which no words could give a more expressive meaning, and the rondo in E major, in which the most sparkling of themes is refined by a crowd of ingenious and delicate touches, confided to the orchestra, were executed in a style no less masterly. It is due to the band to add that, under Mr. Willy's direction, the accompaniments, more than usually elaborate, were played with such nicety and precision as to afford continual support without ever embarrassing the principal per-

former, and enabled Ernst to give free scope to all the impulses that swayed him. The other pieces played by Ernst were his fantasias on *Ludovic* and *Il Pirata*, with the *Carnaval* to finish. In the first he was compelled to repeat the variation of staccato arpeggios, and in the second the variation of full chords on the theme of 'Tu vedrai s'avventurata'—both of them surprising evidences of mechanical dexterity. The *Carnaval* was unanimously encored, and in the repetition Ernst introduced some reminiscences of the air, 'Non piu andrai,' from *Fisaro*, which Herr Formes had previously sung, using them with great readiness and ingenuity as an accompaniment to two of the variations. Another variation, in which both the first and second parts of the theme were played in harmonics, brought down such loud applause that for some time the performer could not be heard. Altogether, perhaps, Ernst has never played better in this country than last night, and on no occasion have his efforts been more thoroughly appreciated."

(From the Morning Post.)

"The memory of last night's concert will long be cherished, by all who were fortunate enough to be present, as one of those bright and glowing moments of enjoyment whose genial influence revives the drooping flowers of the heart, and renders life a blessing. Eulogistically as we have on former occasions spoken of Herr Ernst, no terms of praise can convey an adequate idea of the marvellous executive genius he last night displayed. To those who did not hear him our panegyric will appear extravagant; while those who did will feel that it is feeble and insufficient; for no words can do justice to his exquisite performance. There are times when it is impossible for us to give verbal expressions to our feelings—when the 'o'er-fraught heart' fears to trust the tongue with its secret, lest the revelation should lessen the exquisite joy that fills it; and we dread to mould our thoughts into form, lest their beauty should be destroyed or their spirit evaporate in the process. Herr Ernst's performance of last night was a thing to be loved and dreamed of, and not talked about. It was a bright piece of loveliness, whose lustre the long shadows of coming years, with all their possible cares and anxieties, will fail to dim. It will be an eternal pleasure to those who heard it, for 'a thing of beauty is a joy for ever.'"

"This extraordinary violinist's grandest effort was Mendelssohn's concerto. It is a remarkably fine work, and was played to perfection. All the nuances of expression were admirably brought out; the passages were gloriously executed; and the reading of the piece throughout was characterized by classical taste and a reverence for, and appreciation of, the author's intention, alike creditable to the modesty and intelligence of the performer. We have also to remark that Herr Ernst produced a much fuller tone than we had ever before heard him draw from his instrument, an advantage which proved especially serviceable in this concerto. We admire the work more than any violin concerto with which we are acquainted, excepting Beethoven's. We consider it finer than any of Louis Spohr's, although that composer possesses the advantage of being a violin player, which Mendelssohn was not. [Our contemporary is in error. Mendelssohn was an excellent player on the violin.—Ed. M. W.]

"The enthusiastic reception of Mendelssohn's fine composition by the Exeter-Hall public was truly gratifying to all who labour to disseminate a taste for good music. Not a point seemed to escape the appreciation of the audience; the work was listened to throughout with breathless attention, and applauded to the echo.

"Herr Ernst subsequently played his fantasias upon themes from *Ludovic* and *Il Pirata*, concluding with the popular 'Carnival of Venice.' Two variations of the *Ludovic* and *Pirata* were encored, as well as the whole of the 'Carnival'; and the performer, excited and elated by the enthusiasm he created, fairly outshone his former self, and effected more marvels than we even believed him to be capable of. On this occasion there really was a *furor* such as we have rarely seen equalled, even on the Continent."

(To be continued in our next.)

SOCIETY OF BRITISH MUSICIANS.

This society, now in its seventeenth year, rose from its sleep on Saturday evening week, and commenced a series of chamber concerts, in the old style, but in a new room. The locale on this occasion was the small room in St. Martin's Hall, where Mr. Willy holds his classical concerts. The following selection of vocal and instrumental music was performed:—

Quartet in C, Op. 76.—Two violins, tenor, and violon-

-cello. Messrs. Blagrove, Watson, R. Blagrove, and

W. L. Phillips Haydn.

Canzonet—"If sometimes in the haunts of men," Mr.

Lockey W. L. Phillips.

Canzonet—"Fidelity," Miss Thornton Haydn.

Sonata—Pianoforte and violin, Miss Kate Loder and Mr. W. Watson *Kate Loder.*
 Quintet—Pianoforte, violin, tenor, violoncello, and contra-basso, Messrs. W. Dorrel, H. Blagrove, R. Blagrove, W. L. Phillips, and C. Severn *G. A. Macfarren.*
 Duet—"List, dearest, list," Miss Thornton and Mr. Lockey (*Keolanthe*) *Balf.*
 Song—"To the vine feast," Miss Thornton *Rooke.*
 Nonetto—Violin, viola, violoncello, contra-basso, flute, oboe, clarinet, bassoon, and horn, Messrs. H. Blagrove, R. Blagrove, W. L. Phillips, C. Severn, Clinton, Nicholson, Lazarus, Larkin, and C. Harper *Spohr.*
 Accompanist *Mr. Coote.*
 Director *Mr. C. E. Horsley.*

On Saturday last the second concert took place. The programme was as follows:—

Quartet in D, Op. 44, two violins, tenor, and violoncello, Messrs. H. C. Cooper, Zerbini, H. Blagrove, and Lucas *Mendelssohn.*
 Song, Mr. Seguin.
 Song, Miss Cubitt.
 Duet in E flat, pianoforte and clarinet, Messrs. Lindsay Sloper and Lazarus *Weber.*
 Trio in C minor, pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, Messrs. Lindsay Sloper, E. W. Thomas, and Lucas, (first time of performance) *Lindsay Sloper.*
 Song, Miss Cubitt.
 Duet, Miss Cubitt and Mr. Seguin.
 Quintet in E flat, two violins, two violas, and violoncello, Messrs. H. C. Cooper, Zerbini, Blagrove, Weslake, and Lucas *Beethoven.*
 Accompanist, Mr. W. S. Rockstro. Director, Mr. J. S. Bowley.

The third concert takes place to night.

THE WINDSOR THEATRICAL ENTERTAINMENTS.

On Friday, the 1st inst., these entertainments were commenced. The spirit in which they will be maintained accords with the taste displayed and developed last year. The following is a copy of the bill placed before Her Majesty and her visitors at Windsor:—

ROYAL ENTERTAINMENT.

BY COMMAND.

Her Majesty's servants will perform, at Windsor Castle, on Friday, Feb. 1, 1850, Shakspeare's tragedy of

JULIUS CÆSAR.

Julius Cæsar..	..	Mr. Charles Fisher.
Octavius Cæsar	..	Mr. Leigh Murray.
Marcus Antonius	..	Mr. Charles Kean.
Popilius Lena	(a Senator)	Mr. Harris.
Marcus Brutus		Mr. Macready.
Cassius ..	(Conspirators)	Mr. James Wallack.
Casca ..		Mr. Cooper.
Trebonius ..	against	Mr. Cathcart.
Decius ..		Mr. Cullenford.
Metellus Cimber	Julius Cæsar)	Mr. Caulfield.
Cinna ..		Mr. Worrell.
Flavius ..	(a Tribune)	Mr. Cathcart, jun.
Soothsayer	Mr. W. Davidge.
Servius ..	(Servant to Antonius)	Mr. Everett.
Titinius (Friend to Brutus and Cassius)		Mr. F. Cooke.
Varro ..	{ (Servants to	Mr. Coe.
Lucius ..	{ Brutus	Mr. George Webster.
Pindarus ..	(Servant to Cassius)	Mr. Binge.
First Citizen	Mr. Ray.
Second Citizen	..	Mr. Addison.
Third Citizen	..	Mr. Clarke.
Calphurnia ..	(Wife to Cæsar)	Mrs. F. Saville.
Portia ..	(Wife of Brutus)	Mrs. Warner.

Ladies in attendance on Calphurnia, Miss Woulds and Miss A. Woulds.
 Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, &c.
 Scene, during a great part of the play, at Rome; afterwards at Sardis, and near Philippi.
 Director .. Mr. Charles Kean,
 Assistant-Director .. Mr. George Ellis.
 The theatre arranged, and the scenery painted, by Mr. Thomas Grieve.

After the performance, Her Majesty sent a message to Mr. Charles Kean, expressive of the pleasure she felt at the manner in which the tragedy was represented.

MOORE'S PLAGIARISMS.

(Continued from page 63.)

WHILE my eyes were fixed on that monarch, a very small spirit came up to me, shook me heartily by the hand, and told me his name was TOM THUMB. I expressed great satisfaction in seeing him, nor could I help speaking my resentment against the historian who had done such injustice to the stature of this great little man, which he represented to be no bigger than a span, whereas I plainly perceived at first sight he was full a foot and a half (and the 37th part of an inch more, as he himself informed me), being indeed little shorter than some considerable beaus of the present age.

FIELDING. *A Journey from this World to the next.*

Regardez cet animal, considérez ce néant, voilà une belle ame pour etre immortelle. LORD HERVEY to Lady M. W. Montague.

Phil. I'll venture all—'sfoot all

Come tread upon me, so that Moor(e) shall fall

Cardinal. By heaven that Moor(e) shall fall.

MARLOW. *Lust's Dominion*, act iv. sc. 5.

With deserved applause

Against the Moor(e) his well fleshed sword he draws.

DRYDEN. *On Sir P. Fairbones.*

God forgive him—but not till he puts himself in a state to be forgiven.

SWIFT.

Sneer. Haven't I heard that line before?

Puff. No, I fancy not—where, pray?

Jang. Yes, I think there is something like it in Othello.

Puff. Gad! now you put me in mind on't, I believe there is—but that's of no consequence; all that can be said is that two people happened to hit on the same thought—and Shakspeare made use of it first, that's all.

Sneer. Very true. *The Critic*, act iii., sc. 1.

Plagiarism the Nineteenth.

A wandering bark, upon whose pathway shone

All stars of heaven except the guiding one.

It was a favourite expression of my poor grandmother, "set a beggar on horseback and he will ride to the devil." So with friend Thomas. Give him a good thought once, and he will repeat it *ad nauseam*. We have the above image newly devilled up, thus:—

*Think in her own still bower she waits thee now,
 With the same glow of heart and bloom of brow,
 Yet shrined in solitude—thine all, thine only—
 Like the one star above thee, bright and lonely.*

And again—

*When I heard frightful voices round me say,
 "Azim is dead," this wretched brain gave way,
 And I became a wreck, at random driven,
 Without one glimpse of reason or of heaven.*

And again—

FIRE WORSHIPPERS.

*One only thought, one lingering beam,
 Now broke across his dizzy dream
 Of pain and weariness—'twas she,
 His heart's pure planet, shining yet,
 Above the waste of memory,
 When all life's other lights were set.*

And again—

THE LIGHT OF THE HAREM.

*The one whose smile shone out alone,
 Amidst a world the only one,—
 Whose light among so many lights
 Was like the star on starry nights
 The seaman singles from the sky
 To steer his bark for ever by.*

together with half a dozen instances in the *Melodies* and his other poems. Moore is evidently pluming himself on these original thoughts. I shall test their genuineness by a cloud of witnesses:—

PARK'S *Heliconia*, vol. i., p. 93.

And as the starre to mariners
 to guide unto the port,
 So is this M a heavenlie joy
 to lovers that resort.

PARK'S *Heliconia*, vol. ii. page 118.

The firmament with golden stars adorned,
The sailor's watchful eyes full well contenteth,
And afterwards with tempest overspread,
The absent light of Heaven he sore lamenteth.
Your face the firmament of my repose
Long time has kept my waking thoughts delighted,
But now the cloud of sorrow overgoes,
Your glorious skies, wherewith I am affrighted.
For I that have my life and fortune placed
Within the ship that by those planets saileth,
By envious chance am overmuch disgraced,
Seeing the loadstar of my courses saileth.

Poems of Uncertain Authors. (CHALMERS, ii. 408.)

In whose calm stream I sail'd so far,
No raging storm had in respect,
Until I rais'd a goodly star,
Whereto my course I did direct.

In whose prospect in doleful wyse,
My tackle say'd, my compass brake,
Through hot desires such storms did rise
That stem and top went all to wrack.

TURBERVERVILLE'S *Poems.* (CHALMERS, ii. 613.)

She from hence is fled
Who was the guide and giver of my breath,
By whom I was with wished pleasure fed,
And have escaped the ruthless hand of death.
Who was the key and cable of my life,
That made me scape Charybdis careful clyfe,
A star wherby to steer my body's bark
And ship of soules to shore in safety bring.

TURBERVERVILLE. (*Ibid.* 635.)

And as those wofull wights
That saile on swelling seas,
When winds and wraithful waves conspire
To banish all their ease.

When heavenly lampes are hid
From shipmen's hungry eyes,
And loadstarres are in covert kept
Within the cloudie skies.

Lo, I (unhappy man)
Have followed Love a space,
And felt the hottest of his flame
And flashing fierie blaze.

EDMUND SPENSER.

He that is of Reason's skill bereft
And wants the staffe of wisdom him to stay
Is like a subject midst of tempest left
Withouten helm or pilot her to sway;
Full sad and dreadful is that ship's event,
So is the man that wants intendment.

THOMAS CAREW.

Thou art my star—shin'st in my skies.

SHAKESPEARE. *Sonnet.*

Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove.
Oh no! it is an ever fixed mark
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken.
It is the star to every wandering bark.

SHIRLEY. *Narcissus.*

How could she trace his brow? or see those lids
Whose either ivory-box shut up a light,
To travellers more cheerful than the star
That ushers in the day, but brighter far.

MISS BROOKE.—*Reliques of Irish Poetry*, p. 22.

As the lone skiff is toss'd from wave to wave,
No pilot's hand to save,
Thus, thus, my devious soul is borne,
Wild with the woes I only live to mourn.

SIR GEORGE ETHERIDGE.

The twin beauties of the skies,
When the half-sunk sailors haste
To rend sail and cut the mast,
Shine not welcome as her eyes.

SHIRLEY.—*The Cardinal*, act v., sc. 3.

In vain—the mist is risen, and there's none
To steer my wandering bark.

SHIRLEY.—*The Duke's Mistress*, act v., sc. 1.

Oh, my heart! Poor Bentivoglio,
On what high-going waves do we two sail,
Without a star or pilot to direct
Our reeling bark.

DECKKAR.—*The Wonder of a Kingdom*, act i., sc. 1.

Alph. Well, brother, since you will needs sail by
Such a star as I shall point out.

DECKKAR.—*Same play*, act v., sc. 1.

Flor. Way for my daughter—look you, there's Angelo.
Fra. Ha!—yes, 'tis the star I sail by.

BECKFORD.—*Fathek.*

The fond monarch pursued her with his eyes until she was gone out of his sight, and then continued, like a bewildered and benighted traveller, from whom the clouds had obscured the constellation that guided his way.

BYRON.—*The Giaour.*

She was a form of life and light
That seen became a part of sight,
And rose where'er I turn'd mine eye,
The Morning Star of memory.

She was my life's unerring light
That quenched, what beam shall break my night?

Plagiarism the Twentieth.

And when she sung to his lute's touching strain,
'Twas like the notes—half ecstasy, half pain,
The bulbul utters ere her soul depart
When vanquish'd by some minstrel's powerful art,
She dies upon the lute whose sweetness broke her heart.

I have already admitted, that Mr. Moore is a great proficient in changing prose into poetry, and when it suits him, poetry into prose. I am able again, to bear testimony to his merits in that department. From the following passages, any Grub Street graduate may compose such lines as those above.

SIR W. JONES.—*On the Musical Modes of the Hindus.*

"An intelligent Persian, who repeated his story again and again, and permitted me to write it down from his lips, declared that he had more than once been present when a celebrated lutenist, Mirza Mohammed, surnamed Bulbul, was playing to a large company in a grove near Shiraz, where he distinctly saw the nightingales singing to vie with the musician, sometimes warbling on the trees, sometimes fluttering from branch to branch, as if they wished to approach the instrument whence the melody proceeded, and at length dropping on the ground in a kind of ecstasy."

A similar story is related somewhere in the fifth volume of Hawkins's History of Music.

SPENSER.—*Fairie Queen*, Book ii., Canto vi.

And she more sweet than any bird on bough,
Would oftentimes amongst them bear a part,
And strive to pass, as she could well enow,
Their native music by her skilful art.

SHIRLEY.—*The Witting Fair One*, Act i., Scene ii.

When she seats herself
Within some bower, the feathered quoristers
Shall play their music to her, and take pride
To warble airy notes till she be weary;
Which, when she shall but with one accent of
Her own express, an hundred nightingales
Shall fall down dead from the soft boughs before her
For grief to be o'erchaunted.

COWLEY.—*On the Praise of Poetry.*

Nightingales, harmless syrens of the air,
And muses of the place, were there,
Who, when their little windpipes they had found
Unequal to so strange a sound,
Overcome by art and grief, they did expire,
And fell upon the conquering lyre.

LLOYD.

The nightingale, as story goes,
Fam'd for the music of his woes,
In vain against the artist try'd,
But strained his tuneful throat, and dy'd.

Who shall dare to say Master Moore is not an original writer? Who? Show me the man. He must have a triple breast and face of brass.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

DRURY LANE.

ON Monday, Schiller's celebrated tragedy, *Fiesco*; or, *the Revolt of Genoa*, was produced at this theatre; we are sorry to say, with no complete success. The comparative failure of one of the most popular plays on the German stage must not be laid to the charge of the management. The parts were strongly supported; the scenery and dresses were all that taste and fancy could suggest, or exactness and propriety demand; the minutest details were carefully attended to; and, more than all, the translator had done his work admirably; yet, spite of all, Schiller's great play fell dull and listless on the ears of the audience. From first to last no enthusiasm was awakened; and the applause, brief and far between, was bestowed on a scene well painted, or a speech spoken with point and emphasis, rather than on a startling incident or a surprising turn of thought in the language. *Fiesco*, nevertheless, is replete with poetic beauties, displays considerable insight into human nature, and is not deficient in stirring situations. Its great fault, and that to which we may attribute its want of success on our stage, is the uninteresting nature of the chief characters, and the little hold they take on our sympathies. *Fiesco* possesses every element of the hero, but he does nothing which strikes our affections or moves our passions. We listen and applaud, approve, admire, do everything but feel. He is too much the slave of political intrigue to become a universally-loved or even a commendable person on the stage. His feelings are under too much control. He has no impetuosity, no impulse. His friendship is cold and calculating—his very love is without fire. When he tells Leonora he is devoted to her and her alone, we accord him our instant belief—we know he has not time to entertain a second passion, nor feeling to indulge in one. His goodness excites no surprise in us, because we are conscious he is incapable of anything mean or little. When he saves Andrea Doria's life from the conspirators—when he spares the Moresco, we are certain the mercy in both cases is extended by reason of some moral calculation, rather than from any generous warmth of nature. *Fiesco* is, in short, above us, and not of us, and thus he becomes a character more appropriate for an epic than a dramatic poem.

Verrina, the republican, is more naturally drawn—is endowed with more flesh and blood than *Fiesco*; and yet he does not excite our sympathy in any great degree. The character is an amalgamation of Brutus and Virginius. His love of country urges Verrina to kill the man who aims at the sovereign power; and he has equal motive with the Roman centurion in devoting Giannettino and his "serpent seed to the infernal gods." But the attempt of Doria's nephew on Verrina's daughter has nothing to do with the development of the plot, and might be omitted without loss. Indeed, so much has this incident been mitigated in the Drury Lane version of *Fiesco*, that we apprehend it would have been more satisfactory to have left it out altogether. The most interesting feature of Verrina's character is certainly blended with this incident, and perhaps it would have been injurious to the

play not to have retained as much of the circumstance as would have exhibited the noble old republican's rage and horror at his daughter's dishonour. Still the character wants variety, or dramatic colouring, or something else, for we are as little interested in Verrina's fate as we are in that of *Fiesco*.

Leonora, *Fiesco's* wife, is a truly charming person, a very pattern of love, devotion, and duty. Strange it is, however, even Leonora fails to interest us deeply. Perhaps it may arise from the fact that we know her wrongs are all imaginary: but then, why does not her death move us? There is a reason for this in the recent performance. In the Drury Lane play we merely learn by narration of Leonora's fate: in the original she receives her death from the hand of her husband, who meets her in the battle, disguised in the habiliments of Giannettino. What a scene, and what an omission! Poor Leonora is hardly treated at Drury Lane.

Upon reviewing the entire play we do not find one single character which deeply interests us, nor one incident which greatly moves us; and we fail to discover that felicity of construction and development so indispensable to the great dramatist. That the tragedy of *Fiesco* is one of the most frequently performed in Germany demonstrates the profound reverence which reigns throughout the country for the name of Schiller, or we must infer that the Germans are pleased with nature in forms and moods different from those in which we love to see her represented, and that their dramas are constructed on a principle totally distinct from that of our own dramatists.

Schiller's *Fiesco* was written shortly after the *Robbers*, his dramatic masterpiece, and the immense success of the latter no doubt paved the way for its favourable reception. Both these plays were in prose, the author not having adapted the blank verse metre for some time after. The story of *Fiesco* is partly taken from the account of the revolt of Genoa in Robertson's *Charles the Fifth*. The catastrophe is altered. The plot of the play may be told very briefly.

Fiesco, Count de Levagna (Mr. Anderson), is a nobleman of great mental endowments, and of the most captivating exterior and engaging address. He endears himself to the people of Genoa by his condescending manners, no less than his munificence. But *Fiesco* conceals a deep design under all his condescension. Ambition is his master passion. He builds his hopes of obtaining the regal power upon the people's love for himself, and the mal-administration of the Senatorial government. He finds some of the nobles plotting a revolution, and allows himself to be induced, with seeming difficulty, to join the conspiracy. A sudden out-break of the people favours his views of ambition still more fortunately. In one of the best scenes of the play, evidently taken from *Coriolanus*,—the scene where Menenius Agrippa addresses the mob in pithy parable,—*Fiesco* works upon the fears and passions of the multitude, and in an allegorical speech persuades them that no form of government is so fitted for them as monarchy, and dismisses them, enjoining them to go home and consider whom they will chose for their king. Among the conspirators is Verrina (Mr. Vanderhoff), a man swayed entirely by pure motives to serve his country. *Fiesco* is chosen leader of the conspiracy. Verrina discovers that *Fiesco's* motives in heading the revolt is to induct himself into the sovereign power, and registers an oath to kill him. These are the leading outlines of the plot, up to the end of the fourth act. The revolt is successful; *Fiesco* assumes the insignia of Duke of Genoa, and is thrown into the sea by Verrina and drowned, after which Verrina stabs himself.

The catastrophe is anything but dignified. The author, who has departed from history in so many other respects, need not have shrunk from dismissing his hero in a manner more becoming a tragedy. The dagger of Verrina would have made a fitter ending for Fiesco, than the waters of the Gulf of Genoa.

The other characters of the play are merely subordinate, if we except Hassan, the Moor (Mr. Emery), who plays a conspicuous part. He is employed by Giannettino to murder Fiesco, but is defeated in the attempt by Fiesco himself, who forgives him on his acknowledging the truth, and takes him into his service. The Moor serves Fiesco with fidelity for some time, but at length turns traitor and meets his doom.

The play was admirably got up, and comprised in its cast the *élite* of the company. Mr. Anderson's Fiesco was an excellent performance—one of his very best. He looked the gallant and chivalric Count de Levagna to the life, and preserved the different phases of the character with fine judgment. His most effective scene was that in which he relates the "politic convocation" of the beasts to the mob. Mr. Anderson's dresses were magnificent.

Mr. Vandenhoff played Verrina with great fidelity. The part has some telling points, and the actor made the most of them.

Miss Laura Addison performed Leonora. We cannot say whether the character is suited to her or not. For this young lady's talents we have much respect, but, we fear, she endeavours too much to make the most of them. Miss Laura Addison may have been informed that in acting it is necessary that not only every word should be heard, but every syllable, nay, every letter; and so the fair actress takes such pains to render her words distinct and articulated, that her declamation degenerates into a drawl, and her speaking is as far as possible removed from nature. It is to be lamented that a fault so easily remedied should be a bar to the success of Miss Laura Addison's performance, since she possesses both energy and feeling in no small degree, together with a large share of personal attractions.

One of the best acted characters in the play, if not the very best, was the Melellino of Mr. Cathcart. The part is not prominent in the tragedy, but the skill and talent of the actor rendered it conspicuous in every scene in which he appeared. Mr. Cathcart has for many years been distinguished as an actor in the provinces. Previous to Mrs. Warner and Mr. Phelps's management of Sadlers' Wells, he was engaged at that theatre, and played leading characters with much success; but the audiences were not as select as they are at present, and Mr. Cathcart was but half known, and left London unrecognised, save by a few of the more observant among the audience, as a good and legitimate actor. We have no doubt but that Mr. Cathcart will have an opportunity at Drury Lane of appearing in parts in which his talents will be at once acknowledged.

Beaumont and Fletcher's *Elder Brother*, Shakspeare's *Richard the Second* and *Julius Cæsar*, are in rehearsal. We have our doubts about the success of Fletcher's play. *Richard the Second* is difficult to act. *Julius Cæsar* we expect to see well done.

The *Beggar's Opera* will be shortly produced, and various novelties are in preparation. Mr. Anderson is bestirring himself, and is reaping the benefit of his exertions.

Fiesco has been played every night during the week, and has brought good houses.

PRINCESS'S.

The *Val d'Andorre* has run a successful career up to the

present time. The music goes much better than it did at first, and the artists now feel more at home in their parts. The attraction of the opera, combined with the pantomime, remains undiminished.

Next week *Charles the Second* will be again revived. Loder's *Giselle* is in rehearsal, and will be brought out shortly. This looks like doing business in the right way.

Auber's *Gustavus* will be produced before Easter, not in the hotch-potch way it was given at Drury Lane, but as the author wrote it. *Gustavus* will be played by Mr. Harrison. The scenery and dresses, we understand, will be appropriate and splendid.

An early visit of the Royal Family is talked of to witness *King Charles the Second*.

OLYMPIC.

MR. GUSTAVUS V. BROOKE commenced his second engagement at the Olympic Theatre, on Monday evening, in his favourite part of *Othello*—the part in which he made his first appearance in London, and created such a sensation. Mr. Brooke was received with great warmth, and by a very crowded audience. We cannot on the present occasion enter into an analysis of his performance, as he was labouring under the effects of a severe cold, and went through the character with evident distress. We shall take an early opportunity of noticing the popular actor.

Mr. Davenport was the Iago, and Mrs. Mowatt the *Desdemona*, both, as the bills stated, the first time of performance. It is no easy task to jump into one of Shakspeare's characters, and imbue it with vitality and power in a moment; more especially a character like that of Iago, which demands such variety of powers in the actor; nevertheless, we have seen much that we admired in Mr. Davenport's Iago, and more that held out great promise of future excellence.

Mrs. Mowatt's *Desdemona* was exceedingly graceful and captivating. In the earlier scenes she was particularly happy, the gentleness and feminine softness of the character fitting her admirably, both in look and feeling. As much as we have seen of this charming actress, we look upon *Desdemona* as her most excellent performance. Both Mrs. Mowatt and Mr. Davenport were loudly applauded.

The tragedy was got up in a most careful and effective manner; the scenery being appropriate and the dresses splendid.

ST. PAUL AT MANCHESTER.

(Abridged from the Manchester Examiner.)

ALTHOUGH the concerts usually given in our Concert Hall are generally of the fashionable order, once a-year the subscribers are presented with a choral performance of respectable character. On Thursday evening, the 10th inst., it was evident that more than ordinary pains had been taken in rehearsal. The oratorio selected was Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*, to conduct which Mr. Benedict had been judiciously selected. We know of no orchestral director at present in England whose sympathies are more entirely with the great composer, or whose own professional knowledge is more sterling. To those possessing a musical education, we need not point out the importance of such a man on such an occasion; nor do we think his value could pass unobserved even by many less competent to form a correct judgment.

St. Paul was first performed at Dusseldorf, on the 22nd of May, 1836; it was the first oratorio of Mendelssohn, and fully realised the high expectations his previous fame had raised. Like most important works, however, the publishers put upon it an important price, and thus prevented its circulation among that class of people who are always the most eager to encourage what is sterling in quality. This system of high prices in reference to music has perhaps done more than anything else to retard the progress of an

improved taste among the English people. There is now, however, every reason to suppose that a new spirit has gone abroad; the cheap publications of Mr. J. A. Novello (among which we perceive this oratorio is announced), and others, are placing the best music in the hands of those best able to appreciate it; so that, in a few more years, we may find every village, as well as every town, sending forth its hundred amateurs (as on the occasion of the German festivals) to "swell the full chorus," and shew that the true spirit, the pure love of music, and not a mere fashionable affectation, is that which animates our people. We believe it was Mendelssohn's wish to have gone through the leading histories of the Bible with a series of oratorios, had he been spared. The present text is almost literally taken from the Scriptures, the character of St. Paul often uttering the words given to him in the Bible. It is the story of the apostle's life, including the martyrdom of St. Stephen, and Saul's persecution of the Christians—"his conversion, his going forth to the Jews and heathens, and the persecutions he suffered, till the moment where, at last, he leaves his congregation at Ephesus to meet certain death." Rich, varied, and full of that unity of character and purpose which is among the best indications of a true artist, the oratorio moves forward with a still increasing interest to those who go to understand and to be instructed. Here and there the mind is relieved from excitement, by the beautiful chorales judiciously introduced as resting places in the busy progress of the drama; a feature first presented to us by Bach, and occasionally resorted to by some of his successors. We hope that before long one or more of Bach's great choral works will be made known in England, through translation. The great work by Bach, on the subject of the Crucifixion, should it ever be placed before the people of this country, will, we venture to prophecy, experience a reception as that which has been accorded to any of those standard works of which we are so proud, and the performance of which has done so much to elevate our musical character.

Of the performance on Thursday evening last, we have little but praise to offer. Changes have been made in the orchestral arrangements, which we hope may prove beneficial eventually to all parties concerned. If superior talent in two or three instances has been introduced, it will soon discover its value, not only in the immediate advantages to the orchestra of the Concert Hall, but in giving to the musical status of Manchester a higher character generally, and thereby rendering service even to those who at present feel disturbed in what they might have considered a confirmed position. If the talent be not there, but a mere change of name has been introduced, evidence will be very soon given to this effect. Among the new comers are Mr. Lidel as obligato violoncello, Mr. Baetens as second violin, and Mr. Sorge as first clarinet—the last a very young professor, but exhibiting signs of considerable talent. The vocal principals engaged were Miss Birch, the Misses A. and M. Williams, Mr. Benson, and Mr. Joseph Robinson of Dublin. The finest air for the leading *soprano* is "Jerusalem! Jerusalem! thou that killest the prophets," which we can imagine a wonderful piece of vocalisation with such a singer as Mdle. Lind. Nor did Miss Birch overlook its importance: she displayed a highly-refined taste and considerable expression in this great declamatory song. Miss M. Williams caused quite a sensation in the fine *arioso*, "But the Lord is mindful." This lady has two great requisites—a fine voice and true perception. Mr. Benson lost none of the reputation his recent efforts in Manchester have acquired for him. Mr. Lidel's violoncello obligato accompaniment to the tenor song in C, "Be thou faithful unto death," evinced an artistic expression, though perhaps not the highest class of tone. There was enough to indicate the value of his services in the situation he has been engaged to fulfil. Mr. Robinson is a musician and a vocalist of no ordinary talent. A trifle more energy in the air, "Consume them all," would have made the piece more effective; but, on the whole, his singing was of a refined and sterling order. The concerted pieces were well sung—a rare occurrence in this room. The choruses also went finely. Mr. Barlow, at the organ, played judiciously; and the whole was a performance adding to the musical character of Manchester. Mr. Benedict's conducting was always masterly, intelligent, and clear. The attendance was very good.

[Both our Manchester correspondents having disappointed us in not sending an account of this highly interesting performance, we gladly avail ourselves of the above, even at this late hour. — Ed.]

PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA AT PLYMOUTH.

(From our own Correspondent.)

MESSRS. SIMS REEVES, Whitworth, Horncastle, Delavanti, Miss E. Lucombe, and Miss Lanza, with Mr. Lavena as conductor, commenced an engagement with the popular lessee, Mr. Newcombe, at the Theatre Royal, on Monday night. Operas, particularly when presented in the liberal manner of this occasion, are more attractive here than any other kind of amusement. The moderate scale of prices (from one shilling to five) gave every class of society an opportunity of enjoying an entertainment which was worthy of the high patronage it obtained. There was an immense crowd: five hundred persons in the gallery alone listened with breathless attention to the plaintive strains of Bellini and the noisy unisons of Verdi. The *Lucia* was the first of the series of operas. Sims Reeves was never in better voice. His *finale* was really exquisite. Whitworth's Colonel Ashton is perhaps the best at present on the English stage, and left the most favourable impression on the audience. Lucy Ashton is hardly suited to Miss E. Lucombe, who nevertheless, except in the more pathetic passages, created a good impression. The little Miss Lanza had to do, as Alice, was done correctly and effectively. All the *artistes* were called for at the fall of the curtain, and the house presented a brilliant appearance. The farce of *Raising the Wind* finished the evening's entertainment, Mr. Newcombe keeping the people in roars of laughter until the fall of the curtain.

On Tuesday, the *Sonnambula*, which, from the appearance the house presented, seems to be as popular as ever, was received with the wonted enthusiasm. Although it has been executed over and over again by distinguished artists, this opera has never been presented at Plymouth with such satisfactory completeness. Elvino and the Count, played by Reeves and Whitworth, are too well known to demand criticism at my hands, having been long stamped with the approval of a London audience. Miss E. Lucombe sung the music of Amina with much taste, and at times with great brilliancy of execution. Miss Lanza, as Liza, was remarkable for her judicious acting and careful singing. *Free and Easy*, an excellent farce by the way, in which the principal character was acted with great humour by Mr. Newcombe, sent every one home in high spirits. *Ernani*, the first of Verdi's operas, which has never been played here, was not, I think, so successful as the *Lucia* and the *Sonnambula*, although, as on the other nights, the house was quite full. The *mise en scène* and the costumes were appropriate and complete. Whitworth's dress and "make-up" as Ruy Gomez was quite a picture. The concerted pieces were remarkable for their precision, and the artists were called for at the fall of the curtain. Friday night, Reeves's benefit, *The Puritani* and the *Beggars' Opera* were given. It was the most crowded house I ever witnessed within the walls of the Plymouth theatre, and the reception of all the *artistes* was marked with a warmth I have seldom seen. The opera went off well from beginning to end. Whitworth and Delavanti were vehemently encored in "Suoni la tromba," which was received with immense cheering. The *Beggars' Opera*, ever popular from its charming melodies, was capitally played throughout. Reeves, whom I had never seen before in the part, played *Macheath* with a rollicking spirit which told immensely; and the *Polly* of Miss Lanza was really a charming performance. She was encored in "Ponder well," "Cease your funning," and played and sang throughout as an accomplished artist. *Fitch*, by Horncastle, was excellent, one of the best on the stage, I should say. Miss Emily Eardley, as Lucy, supported the character with much skill, and sang the music allotted to her with faultless precision, while the Mrs. Peachum of Mrs. Garthwaite distinguished her as an actress of sterling ability, and of the real good school of "Old Women" which daily becomes more rare. Mr. Delavanti has a voice of great power, and during the week added materially to the effect of the operas.

Altogether the engagement of the Sims Reeves party, has been entirely successful, and has created a new taste for operatic performances in this town.

T. E. B.

Jullien comes here on the 12th of March, and the Montenegro Italian Opera party on the 1st of April.

JULLIEN AT BRISTOL.

(From Felix Farley.)

THE indefatigable maestro, Jullien, caused a full muster at the Victoria-rooms, on Friday, the 1st instant, although the advent of "February Fill-dyke" was accompanied by its proverbial adjuncts of wind and storm.

Jetty Treffz was, of course, the main attraction, and public expectation was not disappointed as to the remarkable richness and versatility of talent which had been the heralds of her fame.

M. Jullien brought with him an excellent band, though we missed from it several talented performers who heretofore bowed to his sway in his provincial tours. At eight o'clock, when the concert commenced, M. Jullien must have cast a delighted glance over the spacious hall, every inch of which was occupied by an expectant multitude, not less, we should suppose, than 2000 persons being present. The programme was worthy the fame of the able caterer. In the first part Herr Koenig played "The Exile's Lament," of which the words were placed before us; and with the truthfulness of Mendelssohn's "Songs without words" in our recollection, we could easily interpret Koenig's mellifluous tones.

Miss Jetty Treffz was introduced to us in "Trab, trab," those words being the burden of a German song, which we shall not attempt to translate: suffice it to say (to use a conventional phrase) its execution convinced us that the fair vocalist's capabilities had not been over-rated. In perfect tune, with admirable judgment, with delicate feeling, were her notes delivered. An encore was of course called for, *una voce*, with which she kindly complied—by singing something else, we forget what, but it was well received.

In the second part, we had a selection from Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, in which we were treated with *obbligati* on the bassoon, oboe, and flute, cleverly played. We had also a violin concerto, by Mr. V. Collins. The "Row Polka"—(what a row!)—concluded a very agreeable performance.

JULLIEN AT BATH.

(Abridged from the Bath and Cheltenham Gazette.)

On Saturday evening, the 2nd instant, M. Jullien, that old friend of the concert-going portion of the public, again made his bow to a Bath audience, at the Assembly Rooms. A vast concourse, numbering, we should think, about 900 persons, filled the noble saloon to its utmost capacity. The excellence of the entertainment, coupled with the moderate price of the tickets, led to this desirable result. The concert opened well with Rossini's overture to *Guillaume Tell*, which was played with great spirit. A quadrille, entitled "Charles the Second," (from Macfarren's highly popular new opera) and containing some good specimens of music in the old English style, followed, and was well received. The new "Cossack polka," composed on Russian and Siberian melodies, and the "Hungarian quadrille," also performed for the first time, are each deserving of favourable mention. Such pieces undoubtedly "please for the nonce," though we doubt if, to quote M. Jullien's own words, "they will greatly enhance the musical taste of the United Kingdom." It was a pleasing instance of discrimination, on the part of the audience, to demand a repetition of the *allegretto* from Beethoven's symphony in F. This charming composition, being rendered with that nice attention to its lights and shadows which its effectiveness demands, afforded to all who heard it a great treat. Herr Koenig had, as usual, a novelty to present, a composition by Roch-Albert ("The Exile's Lament.") Koenig might have chosen a better theme for exhibiting his powers on the cornet-a-piston. The effect of the "echo," though somewhat stale, was pleasing and well managed, and drew down much applause.

But the great attraction of the evening still remains to be described. Madlle Jetty Treffz, the last star which has risen on the musical horizon, certainly shone on Saturday evening with a brilliance which completely dazzled the quiet folks of Bath; and often as it has been our hap to hear the first vocalists of the day, we must say that few have left on our mind more pleasing reminiscences. To considerable personal advantages and a lady-like deportment, this pleasing songstress adds, to complete the charm, a voice of exquisite richness and almost metallic brilliancy—an organ, in short, combining all the excellences which can be

demanded by the most fastidious critic. It is true that the pieces set down for her in the programme were not such as to call forth the highest requirements of the art: they depended for their effect on their capability of bestowing pleasure, rather than of producing astonishment. Still, we have yet to learn that the real end of music is to excite the wonder of an audience, though we have often heard performances which were evidently the offspring of such an idea. We hold, therefore, that the lady did wisely when she chose the simple ballad rather than the more elaborate compositions of the Continental school, wherewith to indulge her English audience. There was good taste, for instance, in her choice of that pretty composition, "Home, sweet home," and we doubt if the *prima donna* of the Imperial Theatre of Vienna was ever listened to with more real delight than Jetty Treffz, while she warbled this unassuming, but almost national, canzonet.

There is one feature of the concert which remains to be noticed. Mr. Collins's solos on the violin, in which he exhibited a respectable proportion of talent. The programme concluded with one of Jullien's most extravagant extravaganzas, denominated (appropriately enough) the "Row Polka."

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

REISSIGER.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—I would beg a small space in your journal this week to express my sentiments on a long article in the form of essay on the sonata, as well as of the various contributors to that most interesting form of composition, which has appeared during several weeks in the *Musical World*; and whilst I cannot but admit the truth of a great part of the essay, yet I think the author displays so great a degree of partiality for some composers, and treats others with so much contempt,—such, for instance, as when he awards so much genius to Moscheles (unquestionably a clever man), whilst he totally denies any amount of it either to poor Hummel or Kalkbrenner (peace to their manes!)—that I am really inclined to think he has been trained in some particular school, and by such an education has become so bigoted, as to disentitle him from acting the proper character of critic. I have thought this during the perusal of the article in question almost from the commencement of its appearance in the pages of your journal; but the number of last week so confirms this idea, that I cannot help stating my mind on what I consider his unjust remarks on certain composers, and especially concerning one whose reputation is, I think (fortunately for himself), beyond the reach of injury from him who appears to think himself possessed of that gift of analysis of which he speaks so confidently. I here allude to C. G. Reissiger, a man who enjoys (and deservedly so) a great reputation among musicians in his native country (and I believe also in England) as a composer for the pianoforte, and whose works (especially his latter productions) are acknowledged to be of a sterling character. I imagine, however, that because he has not displayed those complicated eccentricities which are not understood (nor in my humble opinion ever will be) in some of the works of the great masters, not even excepting Beethoven, or, in other words, because, as this critic admits, Reissiger's works are clear in form, and do not contain those outrageous transitions, discordant harmonies, and manifold difficulties of execution, which are indulged in to such an extent by some of this gentleman's favourites, he is to be treated with the most perfect contempt as a contributor to the pianoforte, and considered as a man whose ideas are poor and commonplace. Now, as the author of these opinions mentions Reissiger's Pianoforte Trios in particular, as an example, I suppose, of his poor ideas, I would beg him to peruse his 6th, 10th, 12th, 15th, and 16th trios: and if after this he is still of the same opinion with respect to the merits of Reissiger as a writer for the pianoforte, I can only say that I think he had better give the world an undoubted proof of his own superior mind by either producing something better from his own pen (if he can), or quoting some compositions of this class from any other author whom he considers superior to them; for I confess, until I am convinced to the contrary, I entertain a very high opinion of this author's works, both for elegance of ideas and general style.—I am, Sir, yours respectfully,

W. C. HEMMINGS.

Pensance, Feb. 6, 1850.

[The writer of the essay entitled "Stephen Heller" will, perhaps, answer Mr. Hemmings himself. As far as we are concerned, we entirely coincide with our contributor in his estimate of Reissiger's merits, and, indeed, with all the opinions he has advanced in his view of the pianoforte writers; we should not otherwise have admitted the essay into our columns as an editorial article.—Ed. M. W.]

ROSSINI AND THE MORNING POST.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—I have read in your journal two papers on the "Progress of Music," extracted from the *Morning Post*, containing opinions in which I cannot suppose you entirely acquiesce. The writer has evidently written earnestly; but I apprehend he has fallen into a great mistake, when, in his remarks upon the Italian School of Operatic Music, he says that "with Rossini commenced its degeneration." This implies that there were composers of opera in Italy greater than Rossini before his time; and that, at the period when Rossini commenced writing, Italian opera had reached its culminating point. Let us consider who were the composers, and what were their operas.

I am not learned enough to know anything about the "*Dafne* and *Euridice*," composed by Peri and Caccini, in 1590," but I know something of "the operas of Paesiello and Cimarosa," and am old enough to remember the *Armida* and *Montezuma*, of Sacchini, produced in London, about the year 1793. From that period to the present time, partly from choice, partly from professional occupation, I have attended the Italian Opera House every season, and may be allowed to know something of the different operas produced, and the reputation gained by the several composers.

In vain I search my memory to recall the great composers for the Italian Opera, who brought the lyric drama to such perfection, and to whom Rossini was but a degenerate successor. I know all their names, but I know nothing of their superior merit. Who could the writer mean? The favourite composers at the Italian Operas previous to Rossini's time, were Sacchini, Sarti, Martini, Piccini, Portogallo, Bianchi, Salieri, Nasolini, Gaglielmi, Paesiello, and Cimarosa, among the Italians; and Glück, Paer, and Winter among the Germans. I omit Mozart, as his operas were not performed at the King's Theatre until somewhere about Rossini's time—more shame for the King's Theatre!

Now, we must look either among the Italians or Germans above named for the composers who brought the opera to such perfection before Rossini wrote. I think we may dismiss in one fell swoop all the Italians, with the exception of Piccini, Paesiello, and Cimarosa. These composers wrote volunuously, but of all their works only one has retained possession of the stage, viz., Cimarosa's *Matrimonio Segreto*.

Piccini is principally remembered by his *Buona Figliola*, a pretty and sparkling opera, which was much liked in its day. He cannot be said, however, to have effected much towards the advancement of the lyric drama.

Paesiello was undoubtedly a most fanciful and charming writer, and full of melody; but, while his melodies have survived, his operas have died a natural death. The *Nina*, *Alfrida*, *Armida*, and other operas of this composer, were much admired in their time, from the simple and touching beauty of their tunes, but the poverty of the score and the want of sustained dramatic power soon dismissed them from the stage when something more than simple melody was found necessary in lyric drama. Paesiello rarely introduced a chorus or elaborate concerted pieces into his operas. He depended chiefly on solos or duets for his effect.

Cimarosa wrote more than a hundred operas, and, as we have said above, only one has lived. It may be bold in me to assert such a thing, but I do not hesitate to give it as my opinion that one of the most overrated works in existence is the *Matrimonio Segreto*. The public had a good opportunity of judging for themselves of this production last season, when it was performed with such perfect casts at both the Italian houses; and will any one who heard it venture to say it achieved a success either in the Haymarket or at Covent Garden? For my own part, any work more dull and spiritless I never listened to, and when next it is played in London, although a confirmed opera goer, I shall sedulously avoid being

present. As the *Matrimonio Segreto* is the only opera of the composer ever now performed, and as nobody ever cares to hear it when it is performed, I think we may dismiss Cimarosa from the category of those who have been instrumental in bringing the lyric drama to perfection.

We must now look among the Germans I have mentioned, for those who have raised opera to the lofty position insisted on by the writer in the *Morning Post*.

And first of all comes Glück—a great name undoubtedly, and one which I approach with all due deference and respect. The author of *Aleste* and *Iphigenia in Aulide* must not be treated with levity. Nevertheless, I must confess that Glück's operas never entirely pleased me, and what is more to the purpose of this letter, they never entirely pleased the public. With great musical feeling and much dramatic power, there is an evident want of variety and contrast in Glück's music; and the subjects he has chosen seem to point to a particular state of mind. Nor do I think that the invention of this composer was always remarkable. At any rate, whatever he may have been, his works have gone the way of all flesh, and Cimarosa is the more fortunate of the two, for while he has left one work which is occasionally raked from the ashes of oblivion, poor Glück has not one. Surely it is not too much to assume that what has not survived the lapse of time, must needs have been deficient in extraordinary merit. I learn, by the way, that one of Glück's operas is to be produced at Her Majesty's Theatre during the approaching season. If so, I feel certain that it will achieve no lasting success.

Winter was an imitator of Mozart, but *longo intervallo*. I do not think the Italian opera is indebted for much to this composer. His *Camilla*, *Zaira*, *Castore e Polluce*, and *Il Ratto di Proserpina*, were played at the King's Theatre. I have heard them all, and they produced little or no impression on me or anybody else. They were indebted for any success they obtained to such singers as Grassini, Catalani, Foder, &c. Winter appeared to me as dry as a chip, as uninteresting as a hen finch, and as insipid as the white of an egg without salt. To be sure, he was praised by a lot of old musicians, who found something congruous with their own dullness in his deliberate nothings and learned platitudes; but he never was popular, and never can be. Defend me from Winter! I would not wish my direst enemy a greater punishment than to be compelled to hear one of his operas throughout.

In our catalogue of the Italian writers I have omitted mentioning Gnecco, Mayer, and Pucitta. The former is known as the author of *La Prova d'un Opera Seria*, a very lively scene from which is sometimes given at the Opera House. Meyer was the composer of *Medea*—Pasta's *Medea*, a heavy and dull work, but possessing some fine dramatic situations—and *La Vergine del Sole*. These, long since, have had their day, and are now remembered only as a dream. Pucitta was not devoid of comic power, or, more properly, comic fancy. I only heard one of his operas, the *Caccia di Enrico*, but recollect no further about it than that it was light and amusing.

And these are the composers who, according to the writer in the *Morning Post*, have built high the temple of art, the foundation of which Rossini has been the first to undermine. I can only appeal to facts. I well remember the sensation Rossini's music created when it was first heard in this country. His operas, infamously done, when compared to the manner in which they have been produced for years past, were listened to with intense delight and admiration. Rossini was in everybody's mouth. The novelty and freshness of his ideas, his fancy, invention, and the melodic facility which seemed inexhaustible in him, were the universal themes of conversation. In one night he might be said, "like an eagle in a dove-cot, to have fluttered away the reputations" of all his predecessors. I forget what composer, or composers, was or were in favour when Rossini's first opera came out. Indeed, I do not remember that any composer was in particular vogue. The singers were the great features of opera at that time, and the music was but a secondary consideration. Rossini caused music to be loved for its own sake, and for a long period he was by no means the "carled darling" of the vocalists, which he subsequently proved to be.

But I fear I am trespassing too much on your valuable time, and my letter has already spun itself out to an unimaginable length. I trust I have proved satisfactorily that, antecedent to Rossini's

time, the Italian opera had not arrived at perfection, by showing that there was no composer of genius sufficient to have achieved that object. It is not my intention here to maintain that Rossini's genius was of an order superior to those who had gone before. It is enough for me if I have confuted the extraordinary statement of the writer in the *Post*, who says, "that with Rossini commenced the degeneracy of the Italian opera." Having on this point differed from him *in toto*, I shall, with your permission; in an early number, join him hand-in-hand in endeavouring to expose a grievance under which our own opera labours at present. This grievance is nothing more nor less than the predominating influence the musical publishers have established over the composers. This pernicious influence strikes both the writer and myself in the same light, and on this subject I shall lend him all the assistance in my power, and endeavour to eradicate an evil which should never have been allowed to exist.

Returning you my sincerest thanks for affording me the opportunity of speaking out my thought, I remain, Sir, yours obliged,

SENEX.

REVIEW OF BOOKS.

"*The Anglican Chant Book.*" a collection of single chants, chiefly by composers of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, appropriated to the Daily Psalms, Canticles, and Hymns, in the Book of Common Prayer; edited by EDWIN GEORGE MONK, M.B. Oxon, Fellow and Precentor of St. Peter's College, Radley.—NOVELLO.

THE title of this valuable little work explains its purport, namely, to supply a complete series of single chants, adapted to the ritual of the Church of England, such chants being expressly selected with a view to the carrying out of those principles which especially distinguish the music of the English Church. The attention of those interested in the promotion of ecclesiastical music in this country, has been, of late, greatly excited by the absurd efforts of a somewhat numerous party, to force into the service of the church, a barbarous style of music, which, from the prodigious advances the art has made during the last three centuries, has become obsolete, and which, as it is based on principles entirely different from, and wholly opposed to those that the accumulated discoveries of modern genius have introduced, is not only strange and unusual, but absolutely offensive to cultivated ears. The present work, whose object is to furnish a complete series of Anglican Chants, or a collection of music, the spirit and form of which is in perfect keeping with the character and the requisitions of the English Church Service, is one of such high merit, evincing so great zeal and judgment and care in its compilation, as to deserve the attention of all whom the subject concerns; and those are not alone the musical profession, but equally with them the whole body of clergy, and equally with them the entire mass of their congregation. The Editor has in a carefully written preface, set forth, not the barbarously ungrammatical improprieties of the Ancient Ecclesiastical modes, but the utter inconsistency of the bigoted attempt to introduce them into modern use, and his arguments are so sound in themselves, and so temperately and effectively urged, that we quote them as a clear and satisfactory exposition of our matured opinion—an opinion which cannot but have the coincidence of all well-studied musicians, and of all who are unprejudiced on the subject:—

"The Editor does not wish to disguise for a moment that he is entirely opposed to the restoration of the Gregorian Tones. He does not believe that a single tenable argument can be adduced in their favour. Why should the Gregorian system be selected, unless upon the very principles of eclecticism? It cannot be because it has the suffrage of the earliest times, for it is really much more modern than a former one—the Ambrosian: for, although it seems to be agreed upon all hands that we are in ignorance of what the 'Cantus Ambrosianus' precisely was, yet there

is no doubt that the unbending Bishop, who was the author of it, would admit only the four 'authentic modes,' as they are called, and would not tolerate the 'plagal.' This imposed such restriction, that Gregory relaxed the rigid rule which had been observed in the Church for above two hundred years before his time, and established the 'Cantus Gregorianus.' But the Church of England does not bow to the dicta of the Pope, any more than did the Western Church at that time, which retained the Ambrosian form till long after Gregory's death. The fact is, that the old system was only got rid of by secular influence, and something that looks very like mock miracle, the very conclusion from which one would think had been ingeniously perverted.

"Yet Gregory was right to substitute in his own diocese the new for the old scheme, which had been followed by his predecessors in the See of Rome. Music had advanced in the interim, and God's Church should have had the benefit of that progress. Why should not the Church of England reap a similar advantage in much later ages, when the science has reached, as it would appear, the utmost perfection of which it is capable? Why are we to be bound by the trammels of any system, only because it is antiquated? Why are we now to submit to crudities, which the great Pope himself would have expelled from his 'Cantus,' if he had known more than he could have known in the age when he flourished? Gregory chose,—why should not the Church of England choose? The advocates of Gregory's music chose,—why should not the opponents of Gregory's music choose too? In religious doctrine the highest antiquity is of golden value—in music it is curious but worthless. Such a principle is not tolerated when applied to the kindred arts, Architecture and Painting. Who would maintain that our churches should be built in the Doric style, (or to put the case more fairly, in the Cyclopean,) rather than in the Decorated? Or that Raffaele was to be abandoned for Van Eyck? To use the expressive but severe language of a vigorous writer of the present day, 'These men would look a Michael Angelo in the face, and tell him that Stonehenge was the perfection of architecture.'

"If, moreover, the exclusive use of the Gregorian Tones be contended for upon this ground, to be consistent, we must abandon all harmonies and instrumental accompaniments whatever, for these are utter novelties. (*vid. Ringham, Orig. Ecc.* 8, 14.) And yet those who have argued most strenuously in their favor are not disinclined to avail themselves of these aids to devotion and praise, though they are bound to consider them un-Catholic. It would seem to be felt that their favourite melodies are too dry without them; for the tones are continually harmonized in Gregorian publications. Thus we find the latest, and not the least resolute writer upon this subject, compelled to bow to the necessities of the Church, and to print accompanying harmonies for voice and organ. In fact, the whole view seems to be based upon a sentiment rather than upon a truth.

"But the Editor has committed himself to the term 'Anglican,' thus venturing to stamp the collection, which he offers to the Church, with that high and precious name. However, he does not anticipate any very serious difficulty in vindicating the application of it. To make this clear, a brief historical detail will be unavoidable.

"When the English Church first cast off the claims of the Papa supremacy, one of the earliest of her privileges which she asserted was the reformation of her Ritual, and the purging it from the superstitions and superfluities which marred its good, and, so far as it was Catholic, perilled its truth. Now, at this period the whole service was sung or chanted. Reading, in the popular sense, was unknown in the public offices: reading meant *intoning*, according to a certain recognized course. But when the Ritual was changed, it was necessary to vary the music at the same time; not, indeed, in character, but in detail. Here a fresh difficulty stood in the way. The partial alteration of the services was accompanied by a total alteration of the language,—English being substituted for Latin throughout. Hence it can readily be imagined that endless embarrassment must have been the consequence: doubts, differences, and errors must have been of perpetual occurrence. It is evident that this state of things could not last long, and so an early effort was made, within two years after the compilation of King Edward's Liturgy, to reduce the disorder to rule. In the year 1550 a work was composed by John Marbeck, and printed by Richard Grafton, entitled '*The Booke of Common Prayer Noted.*' This most valuable production, the foundation of our Choral Service as it exists at the present day, undoubtedly contains an adaptation of a Gregorian Tone to the 'Venite,' and the following Psalms. This would seem to militate against the principle now contended for; but so far from this, it helps to establish it. For there seems little doubt that this mode of singing the Psalter did not long survive the attempt to maintain it. The effort to preserve the Gregorian system was tried, and appears to have failed. Very soon afterwards, the celebrated Thomas Tallis, at that time one of the gentlemen in the King's Chapel, gave to the world his sublime harmonies to the Versicles and Responses of Edward's book. In this work the 'Venite' is set to an artificial form, now commonly known by the name of the 'Single Chant,' and divisible into bars in common time. From this in-

novation it may fairly be gathered that the want of rhythm in the Gregorian scheme had begun to be felt. But further,—that great Musician wrote several Chants similar in character and form with this, yet not derived from the Gregorian melodies.

"Further, we find the same kind of chant issuing from the tender pen of Richard Farrant, who was a contemporary of Tallis, and an associate of his, as a Gentleman of the Chapel Royal. In later times, when the school of cathedral music seems to have attained its highest perfection, the great church composers exercised their genius upon the same form and with the same object. Byrd, Childe, Purcell, Blow, and Croft, with many others,—all wrote single chants on the ordinary plan.

"Now what induced them to devote their time to such a species of composition? It must have been because people had found it either too difficult or too dull, or both, to sing the ancient tunes. This was natural enough; for as the knowledge of the present scale, and the harmonies of which it is susceptible, had become fixed and extended, the inartificial tones—for many of them are so—would be sure to sink in estimation, and a longing would be felt for the grandeur of counterpoint. Several of them are almost incapable of harmony, and so the old masters would be led, if it were for this reason alone, to write original chants, avoiding their clumsiness, while taking pattern from their gravity. This growing dissatisfaction was no doubt fostered by the noble music which was at this time applied to the metrical version of the Psalms. Some of the finest melodies had already been in use, having been put forth in the year 1562, and these were followed, in 1579, by harmonies composed by Damon. In 1594, Este's book was published, which shows that they were already used in the churches, and therefore universally known.

"Further, the church writers above-mentioned would not have continued to write unless their compositions had met with a favourable reception. No doubt many of their chants have shared the same fate with their other works. Those that have survived the general wreck may be no criterion of the number that once existed. But whether more or fewer, wherever they were used the earlier forms must have given way; both could not have held their ground together.

"The only objection which appears to lie against this view of the practice of the Church of England, is derived from the fact, that Clifford, in a work published in 1664, gives the tunes as adapted to the Psalms in the Chapel Royal and St. Paul's Cathedral,—and these are said to be Gregorian. The editor has not seen Clifford's book, but no doubt it says nothing more unfavourable to his view than can be deduced from Edward Lowe's work, which was published at the same time, dedicated to the same person, Dr. Walter Jones, and professes to give an account of the existing state of things. He says, that the 'Single tunes of the Reading Psalms are exactly the same that were in use in the time of Edward the Sixth;' which statement, however, is modified by the words—'as many as we retain of them;' so that some of the tunes were now completely dropped. This is an important point. But more than this,—on reference to Lowe it will be found that the chants, which he gives, are *not* the Gregorian tones, but the tones greatly altered. Moreover, he gives four tunes in harmony, as used with the Psalms on solemn days, 'the first of which is the composition of Dr. Child, of Windsor.' Is it not quite obvious, then, that the pure Gregorian Chant had disappeared at this time, as in every form it subsequently vanished altogether? If Lowe means to say that the tunes, which he gives for the Psalms, were identical with those used in Edward's time, then the disappearance was far earlier, and the chant to the 'Venite' in Tallis's Service was a sample of the way in which the other tones had even then been treated. It must be remembered, too, that soon after Lowe's time the English cathedral style had reached its summit of grandeur and beauty. Contemporaneously with this the Gregorian tones were banished."

The chants are, as have been said, judiciously selected, and they comprise, we believe, only the best that have been written by the most approved composers. The editor has bound himself to one principle in the arrangement of these, which we consider of much importance; that is to place the *recitative note* always in such situation of the vocal compass as to ensure the natural and easy enunciation of the many syllables that occur on such note. To effect this some modifications of the parts have sometimes been necessary; and, though the improvement of his author's music belongs not, we think, to the province of an editor, we forgive in the present instance the questionable propriety of the means for the excellence of the end attained. There are also six chants of Mr. G. A. Macfarren, and one of Mr. Monk, the editor, which are introduced with the greatest

modesty, but which are well worthy a place beside the best in the work.

We confidently recommend the publication as in every respect fitted for general use.

"*The Home Circle*," a Weekly Periodical of Science, Art, and Literature.—PIERCE EGAN, 60½ St. Martin's Lane, Charing Cross.

THIS admirable little serial work has now reached its first volume in a most attractive form and garb. Nothing can be prettier or more elegant than the pea-green and gold covers, with its neat device on both sides, while the size—the octavo, is the best possible for reading. No work of the class in London is written in better style, or conducted with more propriety than the "*Home Circle*." It comprises among its contributors some of the most accomplished writers of both sexes in the Metropolis, while it combines in its pages whatever could interest and amuse. The papers on Hungary are excellently penned, and display considerable research; and the essays by a contributor under the name of Copperpen are both sensible and acute. Among those who are employed in writing for the "*Home Circle*" we may specify the names of Miss Agnes Strickland, Miss Camilla Toulmin, John Oxenford, Henry Otley, F. W. N. Bayley, Charles Kenney, J. de Clairville, Pierce Egan, &c. We recommend this little work most warmly and honestly to our readers. It can be had of all Booksellers, weekly, monthly, or in half-yearly volumes.

REVIEW OF MUSIC.

"*The Oriental Quadrilles*," by ELLEN L. GLASCOCK.—WEBB, Soho Square.

THIS is a very pretty and tuneful set of quadrilles, and is by no means devoid of merit in a musical point of view. The figures are simple and clear, and exhibit a nice feeling and fancy in the fair composer. The Oriental Quadrilles must find favour with the patronisers of dancing.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

BERLIN, January 27.—(From a Berlin paper.)—On the 25th was given, at the Royal Opera, a new opera, and at the same time a work of a new composer but little known to the public—Mr. M. W. Balfé—entitled the *Mulatto*. The name of the composer is not unknown to the lovers of music; he is a native of Ireland, but he has completed, as we hear, his studies under Cherubini, and has dwelt a long time in Italy. His work proves that he is acquainted as well with the theory as the practice of his art. His facile and gracious rhythm leans towards the modern French school, while his flowing and agreeable melodies show that the composer has had also an excellent education as a singer. If we could find fault with Balfé's orchestration, it is his too frequent use of brass instruments—particularly the big drum and cymbals.—[We did not know the big drum was a brass instrument.—Ed.]—Madame Köster had frequent opportunities to display her beautiful voice to the greatest advantage in the opera. Herr Mantius was excellent, particularly in a duet (No. XI.) with Corinna. The ballet music also met with great applause. The quartet, in the third act, was excellently performed, and much applauded. The house was crowded. Their Majesties and family were present. After the second act, the singers and the composer were called before the curtain to receive the congratulations of the public.

[The criticism of a new opera appears to be an easy task in Berlin. An English paper would be ashamed to present its readers with such a bare account.—Ed.]

THE OLD MUSICIAN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF J. P. LYSER.

(From the Home Journal.)

In a room in the upper story of a house in the Friedrichstadt of Berlin, sat an old man, reading musical notes, that lay on a table before him. From time to time he made observations with a pencil upon the margin, and seemed so intently occupied that he noticed nothing around him. The room was poorly furnished, and lighted only by a small lamp that flared in the currents of wind, flinging gloom and fitful shadows on the wall. A few coals glimmered in the grate; the loose panes clattered in the windows, shaken by the storm without; the weather-cocks creaked as they swung on the roof; and the moaning blast uttered a melancholy sound. It was a night of cold and tempest, and the last of the old year.

The figure of the old man was tall and stately, but emaciated; and his pale and furrowed visage showed the ravages of age and disease. His thin snow-white locks fell back from his temples; but his eyes were large and bright, and flashing with more than youthful enthusiasm, as he read the music.

The bell struck midnight. From the streets could be heard festive music and shouts of mirth blended in wild confusion; and the wind bore the chant of the Te Deum from a neighbouring church.

The old man looked up from his occupation, and listened earnestly. Presently the door was opened, and a young man entered the apartment. The paleness of his face appeared striking in contrast with his dark hair; his expression was that of deep melancholy; and his form even more emaciated than that of his companion.

"Did you hear the hour strike?" asked the old man.

"I heard it; it was midnight."

"Indeed!"

"You had better go to rest."

"To sleep, mean you? I do not need it. I have been reading this legacy of my father. Would that you had such a father, poor Theodore! What is the new year?"

"Eighty-four."

"Eighty-four! when it was thirty-seven—we will not speak of that."

"You always talk thus," said the young man. "Am I never to know who you are?"

"You might have asked that the day we first met; the day I found you—a madman—who had placed the deadly weapon against his own breast. I pulled it away; I said to you, Live! even if life hath nothing but woe to offer! Live, if thou canst believe and hope, if not bid defiance to thy fate; but live!"

"You have saved me; you see I live, old even in youth."

"You have many years to number yet."

"Perhaps not; I suffer too much! But tell me your name, perverse old man!"

"He who composed that noble work," said the old man, pointing to the music, "was my father."

"And have you not torn out the first leaf, on which was the title and name? You know I can guess nothing from the notes; they speak a language unknown to me. Speak, old friend; who are you?"

"The Old Musician."

"Thus you are called by the few who know you in this great city. But you have another name. Why not tell it me?"

"Let me be silent," entreated the old man. "I have sworn to reveal my name only to one initiated, if I meet such."

The youth answered with a bitter smile. There was a pause of a few moments; the old man looked anxiously at him, as if noticing for the first time his sunken cheek, and other evidences of extreme ill health. At length he said—

"And you have no better fortune, Theodore, for the new year?"

"Oh yes, fortune comes when we have no longer need of her."

He drew a roll of money from his vest pocket, and threw it upon the table.

"Gold!" exclaimed the old man.

Theodore produced a flask from the pocket of his cloak. "You have drank no wine," he said, "in a long while! Heta is some, the best of Johannisberger! Let us greet the new year with revel!"

The old man turned away with a shudder, for recollections of pain were associated with the time.

The youth took a couple of glasses from the cupboard, drew another chair to the table, sat down while he uncorked the flask. As he filled the glasses, a rich fragrance floated through the room.

He drank to the old man, who responded; and the glasses were replenished.

"Ha, ha! you seem used to it!" cried Theodore, laughing. "It is good for you. Wine is better than Lethe; it teaches us not to forget pain, but to know it the frivolous thing it really is. What a pity that we find the philosopher's stone only in the bottom of the cup!"

"And how, I pray, came you by such luck?"

"I sold my work to a spendthrift lord, travelling through the city."

"It is a pity you had not a *replica*, for your work will never become known thus disposed of."

"Ay, but how much is lost that deserves to remain! Those sketches cost me seven years of more than labour; all I have thought, lived, suffered; the first dream of youth; the stern repose after the struggle with fate! I sacrificed all—I spared not even the spark of life; and I thought, when the work was finished, the laurel would at least deck the brow of the dead. Dreams, fantasies! Wherever I offered my work, I was repulsed. The publishers thought the undertaking too expensive; some said I might draw scenes from the seven years' war, like M. Chadowski; others shook their heads, and called my sketches wild and fantastic."

"Yes, yes!" murmured the old man, musingly. "Lessing, who died three years ago, was right when he said to me, 'All the artist accomplishes beyond the appreciation of the multitude brings him neither profit nor honour.' Believe me, Theodore, I know well by experience what is meant by the saying, 'The highest must grovel with the worm.'"

"And I must grovel on, old friend! As long as I can remember, I have had but one passion—for my art! The beauty of woman moved me but with the artist's rapture! Yet must I degrade my art to the vain rabble; must paint apish faces, while visions of divine loveliness float before me; must feel the genius within me comprehended by none; must be driven to despair of myself! Gifted as few are, free from guilt, I must ask myself, at five-and-twenty, wherefore have I lived?"

"Live!—you will find the answer."

"Have you found it—at seventy-four? You cannot evade the question—it presses even on the happy. Had I obtained what I sought, the answer might be—I have lived, and wrought, to win the prize; to shine a clear star in the horizon. So shines Raphael to me; and to you, some old

master of your art; and we are doomed to insignificance and disappointment."

"Be silent!" exclaimed the old man; "that leads to madness, and madness is terrible! They tell me I was thus a long while."

"Have no fear of that, old friend! We are both too near a sure harbour! Come, finish the wine; welcome the new year! Hark! to the music and the revelry below in the streets; and we are exalted like the ancient gods on the top of Olympus, sipping the precious nectar, and laughing at the fools who rejoice in their being. Drink, as I do! Well, yonder is your bed, and here is mine. I am weary, and wish you a good night!"

The old man also retired to rest; the storm ceased to rage without. The music and ringing of bells continued throughout the night.

(To be concluded in our next.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

MR. STERNDALE BENNETT.—Our reader will be glad to learn that this accomplished musician has announced his sixth annual series of Classical Chamber Concerts, the first of which is fixed for Tuesday the 19th inst., when, among other interesting matters, a duet between Mr. Bennett and Herr Ernst stands prominent.

ALIZARD.—The death of this popular singer, from a disease of the heart, has caused a great sensation at Paris. Alizard succeeded Levaucour as principal bass at the *Academie Royale de Musique*. He had one of the finest voices ever heard.

MR. SIMS REEVES, Miss LUCOMBE and company, have given three performances at Bristol during the past week.

M. ALEXANDER BILLET.—The programme of this gentleman's third *séance*, on Tuesday evening next, contains some very interesting works which are rarely performed. Among the principal features may be mentioned Dussek's splendid sonata in F minor for pianoforte solo, *L'Invocation*, and Sterndale Bennett's beautiful trio in A for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello. M. Billet's soirées have caused a more than ordinary sensation in the musical world, not less for the amount of novelty contained in the programmes than for the sterling character of M. Billet's execution.

CARLOTTA GRISI gave a series of performances the week before last at the Bristol Theatre. From Bristol the beautiful and accomplished danseuse was, we believe, bound for Dublin.

ERNST AT GREENWICH.—A grand vocal and instrumental concert is announced to take place at the above locale on Thursday next. Ernst, Sims Reeves, Miss Lucombe, Mademoiselle Therese Wagner (from the Grand Ducal Theatre, Mannheim), and Herr Kuhe, the pianist, are among the performers. The good folks of Greenwich will have an opportunity of hearing Ernst for the first time. The concert cannot fail of proving successful. Ernst will play his *Otello* fantasia, the famous *Elegie*, and his *Carnaval de Venise*. Herr Kuhe will conduct.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—Handel's *Saul* was performed last night. The hall was crowded. Full particulars in our next.

MANCHESTER.—M. Charles Hallé, whose chamber soirées have been so largely patronised here, has completed his arrangements for a series of eight more, four at Manchester, and four at Liverpool. The first will take place on the 21st inst. at Manchester, the second at Liverpool the evening after. A fortnight will elapse between each set of two concerts. Ernst is engaged to play at all of them.

MR. LOVE, the Polyphonist, has been exhibiting his singular powers at the Royal Albert Rooms, Bristol, during the last week. As a ventriloquist this gentleman has at present no rival.

MADLIE. JULIAN VAN GELDER.—The French papers inform us that this lady is re-engaged by Mr. Lumley for the ensuing season.

MR. LUMLEY is still in Paris, where Madame Sontag has gone to join him. Rumours of a series of concerts, in which that celebrated lady will take a principal part both in Paris and Brussels, are abroad.

MISS ELLEN LYON AND SIGNOR NAPPI'S SOIRÉE MUSICALE was given at Blagrove's Rooms on Tuesday last. Signor Nappi was, we believe, a debutant, and therefore among the performers claims

our first attention. He has a baritone voice of great sweetness, and he sings with excellent style, a proof of the judicious instruction he has received from Signor Crivelli. He appeared to suffer from excessive weakness in his first song ("Adelaide,"), but in his second, a very graceful ballad of Mr. W. L. Phillips, he was deservedly encored. The other vocalists were Madame Macfarren, who sang a brilliant aria of Mercadante with great power of execution, and her favourite ballad from *King Charles the Second*, "She shines before me like a star," with a rapturous encore; and Miss Ellen Lyon, who sang "Lo, here the gentle lark," a charming new song of Mr. W. H. Holmes, called "Winter Eve," and with her sister the little duet from *King Charles the Second*, "How blest are young hearts," in which the careful attention to light and shade ensured an encore. Mr. Benson, Mr. Land, and Mr. Lawler, who sang a variety of songs with considerable effect. In the instrumental department a chief feature was a quartet for four pianists of Mr. W. H. Holmes, a pleasing and ingenious trifle which was so effectively rendered by Mrs. John Macfarren, Miss Rushforth, Mr. Holmes, and Mr. Noble as to be re-demanded. Messrs. H. Blagrove, Watkins, W. Blagrove, and Phillips, played Mozart's quartet in B flat with much applause; and Mr. R. Blagrove, Mr. J. Thomas, and Mr. Camus, played solos on the concertina, the harp, and the flute, with merited success. The room was well attended.

MADLIE. ERNESTA GRISI, sister of Carlotta Grisi, appeared last week at the *Theatre Italien*, as Malcolm in *La Donna del Lago*. According to the *Revue et Gazette Musicale* she was exceedingly well received.

EXTRAORDINARY VOCAL PHENOMENON.—At a lecture delivered in the ordinary course of Physiology at the School of Medicine, adjoining St. George's Hospital, on Thursday afternoon, by Dr. W. Vessalius Pettigrew, the subject of which was "the voice," the lecturer took the opportunity of introducing Mr. Richmond, who possesses the wonderful power of producing two vocal sounds at a time, and these in harmony. Mr. Richmond commenced by producing a modulated bass tone, according to Dr. Pettigrew's opinion, in the upper part of the pharyngeal and nasal cavities, and almost instantly a treble accompaniment, which the lecturer had no doubt was produced by the vibration of air over the thin and expanded edges of the tongue, the vibrations being manipulated by the most adroit management of the muscles of that organ. The treble tones cannot be produced unless the tongue be fixed at its base to the hyoid bone, and by its apex to the root of the palate. The treble tones produced were of the sweetest and most melodious character, far surpassing, in softness, any musical instrument, or even vocal organ of the bird, and elicited the most enthusiastic applause from a most crowded theatre, consisting of students, many of the most eminent physicians and surgeons, and numerous scientific gentlemen, who had assembled to witness the performance.

JENNY LIND AT NEWCASTLE.—It appears from a statement made in the Newcastle District Court of Bankruptcy, on Thursday last in re Mr. Charles States, a bankrupt, formerly of the Royal Hotel, that Mr. Knowles and Mr. Lumley netted £906 13s. 4d. by the visit of Jenny Lind to this town. The agreement entered into with Mr. States was that these parties should receive the first £600 from the receipts, and two-thirds of the residue, Mr. States undertaking, out of his one-third, to pay a part of the band, and all the printing, advertising, rent of theatre, and other local expenses. The receipts for tickets were £1060, and the sum of £49 was raised in addition by Mr. States from the sale at a premium of tickets he had taken at his own risk. Mr. States's share thus amounted to £251 6s. 8d.—*Newcastle Journal*.

MR. LAND gave a morning concert, the second of the series, on Friday week, at the Shire Hall, Hertford, under the patronage of the Earl and Countess Cowper, and the Hon. Baroness Dinsdale. We had recently to speak in terms of praise of his first performance and the second demands from us even more decided approval. In addition to Miss Messent, Miss Pyne, Mr. Land, and Mr. Frank Bodda, who sang with their well-known skill and taste, Mr. G. H. Lake performed solos on the pianoforte and concertina, and elicited the warmest applause.—*Hertford Mercury*.

MR. FREDERICK GYE is gone to Paris, to engage (as we hear) a tenor for the opening of the Royal Italian Opera, in *Auber's Gustave III*.

ALBONI has been singing at Geneva and Lyons to overflowing audiences with immense success.

MENDELSSOHN'S *Saint Paul* will be again performed on Friday, Feb. 15, at the special desire of H.R.H. Prince Albert. On this occasion, the Oratorio will commence at eight, in place of the usual hour, seven o'clock.

AMATEUR MUSICAL SOCIETY.—This society commences its fourth season on Friday, the 22d inst., at the Hanover Square Rooms. There will be eight concerts given, and eight rehearsals. The Earl of Falmouth is the chairman. Many novelties are expected, and among the most interesting a new symphony (MS.) by Mr. Macfarren. The amateurs seem determined to set a good example to the Philharmonic.

Mr. STAMMERS takes his benefit on Wednesday next at Exeter Hall, when an extra Wednesday Concert will be given. The spirited manager is entitled to the best support of the public, and we feel assured the public, who are so largely in his debt for many an evening's entertainment, will not hold back their support on the present occasion. Mr. Stammers has provided an attractive programme for his visitors on Wednesday.

Mr. JULLIEN has returned to town with Mademoiselle Jetty Treffz, after the most successful *tournee* he ever had. The enterprising *chef d'orchestre* departs for the provinces on his second *tournee* almost immediately.

Miss HOLLINGSWORTH gave a concert at Blagrove's Rooms on Wednesday evening, in which she was assisted by Miss Poole, Madame Macfarren, Miss Thirlwall (a daughter of the violinist), Miss Rafter, Madame Reich, Mr. Leffler, Mr. Ransford, and Mr. Herbert, among the most effective of whose performances were a ballad of Mr. Romer's, sung by Miss Poole, the song "She shines before me," from *King Charles the Second*, sung by Madame Macfarren, and the ballad "My pretty Jane," sung by Mr. Herbert. Mr. W. Thirlwall played a solo of his own on the violin, and Mr. Regloff accompanied the vocal music.

DEATH OF MR. JOHN MATHER.—This musician died at Edinburgh on the 20th of January ult., in the 69th year of his age. Mr. John Mather, who, it will be recollected by many of the inhabitants, resided in Doncaster for some years, was born at Sheffield on the 31st of March, 1781. He was the son of William Mather, the composer of a set of psalm and hymn tunes, now frequently used in the churches in England. He was first taught the organ and pianoforte by his father, and under him was assistant organist of St. Paul's Church in Sheffield. He played the organ in Barnsley church, when he sat on his father's knees, to enable him to reach the finger-board. When between the ages of eight and nine years, he played the organ at an oratorio performed in St. Paul's Church, Sheffield, at which the celebrated Cramer was the leader, assisted by several other eminent performers from London. On the evening of the same day, he presided at the pianoforte at a concert where the same performers were assisting. Mr. Cramer was anxious to take him to London with him, but his father would not permit him. During the succeeding year he was engaged at the great commemoration of Handel, in Westminster Abbey, on which occasion he led the treble boys. In 1805, he opened the organ at the parish church in Sheffield, when he was appointed first organist, which situation he held until he was induced by the persuasion of his Scottish pupils in Doncaster, to remove to Edinburgh in 1810. About the year 1814, he was appointed organist of Bishop Sandford's Chapel in Rose Street, and removed with him to St. John's Chapel. While residing in Hall-gate, Doncaster, in 1805, the Yorkshire Amateur Triennial Meeting was first established at his house. Among the projectors were himself, Mr. White, of Leeds, Dr. Camidge, of York, Counsellor Maude, of Wakefield, and a few others. He conducted the festivals in Edinburgh until Sir H. Bishop was appointed professor of music at the University, and then he was appointed chorus master. He projected with, we believe, George Thompson, Esq., George Hogarth, Esq., Bridges, Esq., and others, the Institution for Sacred Music in Edinburgh, of which for some time he was the solo instructor. Among the eminent masters he studied under, we may mention the names of Clementi, Cramer, and Dr. Arnold.—*Doncaster Gazette.*

THEATRICALS EXTRAORDINARY ON THE ATLANTIC OCEAN.—Who shall say that the English drama has gone to the —? It has certainly gone far enough, but who would have ever thought of its going so far as the Atlantic Ocean for an appearance? Such, however, is the case, as you shall see. The Medway steamer,

commanded by Captain Symons, left Southampton on the 17th of last October, and on the 2nd of November, between Madeira and Barbadoes, the following entertainment took place on board; and we need hardly observe that, between the sea and the sailors, there was a completely overflowing audience. We subjoin a copy of the play-bill, which may be looked upon as a perfect curiosity:—"Royal Atlantic Theatre, 'Medway.' This evening, November 2, 1849, will be performed, by kind permission of Captain Symons, Sheridan's unrivalled comedy, the *Rivals*. Sir Anthony Absolute, Mr. Blanchard; Captain Absolute, Mr. Clapperton; Falkland, Mr. Bright; Bob Acres, Mr. Smith; Sir Lucius O'Trigger, Mr. Hirst; Fag, Mr. Rowe; David, Mr. Clairmonte; Boy, Master Young; Mrs. Malaprop, Miss Edwards; Lydia Languish, Miss Hayne; Julia, Miss Mackintosh; Lucy, Miss Bunbury. An epilogue, written expressly for this performance by Mr. Freeman, will be spoken by Mr. Hayne (in the character of Lydia Languish). Stage managers, Dr. M'Lean, and Mr. Reynolds; Mechanist, Mr. Jellicoe. Performance to commence at half-past seven precisely. Between the acts, those distinguished vocalists, Messrs. Montgomery and E. P. Andre, will sing several popular songs. The Sailor's Hornpipe will be danced by Frederick Hopkins."—*Dublin Paper.*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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"LET US BE JOYOUS;" "PEACE TO THEE;"
"BENEATH THY CASEMENT;" "GAY LARK;" "ADIEU, YE WOODS;"
"NO FORM BUT THINE;"

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Mr. Bricciardi attends at Messrs. Rudall and Rose's, 38, Southampton Street, Strand, on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, between the hours of 2 and 3. His own address is 56, Haymarket.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY,CONDUCTOR **EXETER HALL.** Mr. COSTA.

By special desire.
FRIDAY NEXT, 15th Inst., will be performed MENDELSSOHN'S "ST. PAUL." Vocalists:—Miss EIRCH, Miss DOLBY, Mr. LOCKEY, and HERR FORMES.

Tickets, 3s., 5s., and 10s. 6d. each, at No. 6, Exeter Hall; or of Mr. BOWLEY, 63, Charing Cross.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

THE COMMITTEE beg to acquaint the Subscribers, that in consequence of the interest excited by the recent Performances of MENDELSSOHN'S Oratorio, "ST. PAUL," they have considered it advisable to make arrangements for another Performance of that Work, on Friday next, the 15th instant, and have decided upon affording the Subscribers an opportunity of being present on that occasion.

The COMMITTEE have further to announce, that having been favoured with an intimation that H. R. H. PRINCE ALBERT intends honouring the Society with his presence on the above evening, they have arranged for the Performance to commence at Eight o'clock instead of Seven. The doors will be opened at Half-past Seven o'clock.

THOS. BREWER, Hon. Sec.

6, Exeter Hall, 8th February, 1850.

EXETER HALL.**WEDNESDAY CONCERTS.**

WEDNESDAY NEXT, FEBRUARY 13TH,

Will be held the

SEVENTEENTH CONCERT,

Which will be

AN EXTRA NIGHT,

AND

FOR THE BENEFIT OF MR. STAMMERS,
Managing Director.

Vocal Performers:—Misses Lucombe, Wagner, Eyles, Wells, Cole, J. Wells, C. Cole, Emily Macnamara, Rebecca Isaacs, Madame Marie de Boisfordt, and Mrs. A. Newton; Herr FORMES, Mr. H. Drayton, Mr. Weiss, Mr. Smythson, Mr. Land, and Mr. SIMS REEVES. Solo Instrumentalists:—*Violin*—Herr ERNST; *Trumpet*—Mr. T. Harper; *Opheleide*—M. Prosper; *Flute*—Mr. Richardson. Mr. SIMS REEVES will sing—Scena, "All is lost now," *Bellini*; Old Song, "Oh, Nanny, wilt thou gang wi' me," *Carter*; and New Song, "Meet me, dearest," *Lovett*.

Tickets, 1s. and 2s.; Reserved Seats, 4s.; Stalls, 7s. (reserved throughout the evening.) May be had of Mr. STAMMERS, at the Office of the Concerts, No. 4, in Exeter Hall (where a plan of the seats may be seen), and of all Musicsellers.

OPERA COMIQUE,**ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.**

MONDAY NEXT, FEBRUARY 11TH,

Will be produced, (for the first time in this country,) a Comic Opera, by ADOLPHE ADAM, entitled

LE ROI D'YVETOT.

The character of Josselyn by Monsieur CHOLLET, as originally performed by him upon the production of the Opera in Paris.

WEDNESDAY NEXT, February 13th, being Ash-Wednesday, there will be no Performance; instead of which will be given the first and only Grand Morning Performance, on Thursday, February 14th; commencing at half-past Two o'clock, and terminating before Five o'clock, by the popular Opera, in Three Acts,

LE DOMINO NOIR,

Angèle - - - Madlle. CHARTON,

Preceded by the Aria Buffa, by Monsieur CHOLLET, and the Duett with Madlle. GUICHARD, from Paer's Opera of

LE MAITRE DE CHAPELLE.

Doors will be open at Two o'clock.

Prices of Admission on this occasion:—

Orchestra Stalls, Half-a-Guinea; Dress Boxes, Five Shillings; Pit, Three Shillings; Amphitheatre, Two Shillings. Boxes and Stalls may be obtained at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond Street; and at the Box-office of the Theatre.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY'S CONCERTS,

HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS.

The Subscribers are respectfully informed that the TICKETS for the ensuing season are now READY for delivery, at Messrs. ADDISON'S, 210, Regent Street, where a Plan of the Reserved Seats appropriated to Subscribers may be seen.

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PROGRAMME OF

M. ALEXANDRE BILLET'S

THIRD AND LAST

CLASSICAL SEANCE MUSICALE,

ON TUESDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 12TH;

To commence at half-past Eight o'clock precisely.

Premiere Partie.

Chamber Trio in A, Op. 26, Piano, Violin, and Violoncello	MM. BILLET, DELOFFRE, and ROUSSELOT	W. S. Bennett
Sacred Song, Madlle. MAGNER	Beethoven
Prelude and Fugue in A flat minor, book 4th	S. Bach
Presto in F major, and Fugue in F minor	Piano,	Scarlatti
Gigue in G major, (executed for the first time in England)	M. BILLET,	Mozart
Fugue in E minor	Handel

2me. Partie.

L'Invocation, Grand Sonate, Op. 77, Piano, M. BILLET	Dussek	
German Song, Op. 57	Madlle. MAGNER	
English Song, Op. 7	M. LEVY	
Pensée d'Amour, 1er. Nocturne	Piano,	A. Billet
La Sylphide, Etude in F major (by desire)	M. BILLET,	Mendelssohn
La Circassienne, Etude d'Octaves, in B major	Mendelssohn
Ouverture Militaire, pour piano, à 4 mains, executed par MM. LEVY, and A. BILLET.	M. LEVY

Conductor,

M. LEVY.

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